The Boston News-Letter,

AND

CITY RECORD.

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$3 per ann.] "TO OBSERVE AND PRESERVE." [IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY ABEL BOWEN, NO. 8, MERCHANTS' HALL, CONGRESS-ST.

POETRY.

SONG,

Sung at the Celebration at Portland.

Tune—*Auld Lang Syne.*

There was a band of Yankees true,
Now some are slumbering low,
For liberty they nobly drew,
'Twas fifty years ago.
Cho. *'Twas fifty years, 'twas fifty years,*
'Twas fifty years ago.

Oppressed with many a heavy tax
Their breasts indignant glow;
Such weights were not for infant backs
Say fifty years ago.

But though they clamored for redress,
The monarch answered, poh!
A word that didn't suit, I guess,
Some fifty years ago.

O could they idly stand and see
Their rights assailed? O no!
For nerves were much deranged by *tea*
Some fifty years ago.

They rise! they rise! who wouldn't rise?
A word and then a blow!
What work they made with *Hessian flies*,
Say fifty years ago.

They charge! for "*onward!*" is the word,
What tides of life-blood flow;
They wielded well the avenging sword
Say fifty years ago.

Their names the roll of fame shall swell—
Then let the goblet flow;
One round to those who nobly fell
Say fifty years ago.

O like our Sires may we resist
The march of every foe,
And may the spirit still exist
Of fifty years ago.

LIVERPOOL.

The following amusing sketch of the scenes at Pierhead, is taken from the Liverpool Albion :—

Imagine yourself on the Prince's Dock Pierhead about two hours before high water. The wind is blowing from the south-westward. The well known flags at the Light house denote that there are ten ships and fifteen brigs off the port, besides "boards" for several snows. The pierhead is pretty full already, and merchants, ship-owners, and idlers are flocking towards it.—"Well," says a merchant, addressing a lusty gentleman in a great coat, "well, what's off, Mr. ——— ?" "Ten ships, fifteen brigs, and four snows," replies the lusty gentleman. "Are there any private signals ?" inquires another.—"Yes; there is one for the Manx packet !" exclaims the same gentleman. "Who the deuce cares for the Manx packet !" exclaims the disappointed inquirer. "Is the New York packet off ?" "I think she is," replies the gentleman, looking through his spying-glass: "I see old Urmson is now at Cropper's pole, going to hoist the signal." "There," says a bystander, "another signal has just gone up to the northward of the Light House. I think it is Barton's." "See," shouts another bystander, "there's a signal just going up on the tenth pole to the

southward.—That's Brown's for the Philadelphia packet."—Thus the conversation is kept up among the assembled crowd, and numerous telescopes are fixed alternatively on the various poles and on the Light House. At length the masts of a vessel are seen over the low sand-hills near the Rock. All eyes are now turned in that direction. As soon as she passes the rock, innumerable glasses are directed towards her. She shows no signals, and the pierhead loungers are puzzled to make out what vessel it is. "It 's the ———," says one. "No, it 's the ———," says another. "I 'll bet you a new hat that she 's neither the one nor the other, but the ———," remarks a jolly looking gentleman, with a ruddy complexion: "I know her by her high quarter deck and her bust head." The vessel, just at this moment, provokingly shows her Holyhead numbers, and demonstrates to the satisfaction of the trio, that not one of them was right in his guess. "There 's another over the land," observes a person who is looking through a glass. "It 's the New York packet!" exclaims the active and intelligent agent for a certain metropolitan establishment; "I see the black ball in her duck's-tail flag." —The vessels now come round two or three at a time, and the persons on the pierhead are busily employed in conjecturing what they are and from whence they come.

The knowledge which some of these inhabitants possess of ships is frequently surprising: they can often tell, without the aid of a glass, a vessel, the moment she shows her nose (as they call her head) round the Rock, and can also tell who she belongs to, how much her owner gave for her, and whether he made or lost money by the last voyage. By this time the vessels have approached the pierhead, and the gentlemen present their spying glasses at them just as a file of soldiers present their muskets when about to fire a volley. Words are now interchanged between the ship and the shore, and a variety of interesting particulars ascertained. "When did you sail?" inquires one.—"What a fine passage!" exclaims another. "Was there any news when you sailed?" asks an ancient politician.—"No: all was quiet," replies the captain. "How was cotton selling at Charleston?" demands a merchant from another vessel. "Boweds were as high as — cents," rejoins a passenger.—Thus the conversation is kept up whilst the vessels are warping into dock.

But who is that female bathed in tears, and supported by her friends? She has learnt, poor woman! that her husband has died during the voyage, leaving her and a numerous helpless family to the compassion of the world. She had hailed the appearance of the ship in the waters of the Mersey with mingled emotions of hope and fear, not having heard from her husband for many months. Nor could her anxious eye now discern him among the crowd of people on the deck. When the ship approached the quay, she could scarcely muster courage to go alongside to inquire after him: at length, however, she did so with fear and trembling: the answer she received was more than she could bear; she sunk under the shock, and is now being borne away by some compassionate friends.

Such is a faint description of the interesting scene which the Pierhead of the Prince's Dock presents almost every day. To the "native born" it is full of pleasure; and to the stranger, who has never looked upon either ships or their beautiful movements when under sail, it must be a sight full of wonder and delight.

The last number of the Westminster Review contains the speeches of Mr Webster, Mr Everett, and Mr Sprague.

THE WHITE HILLS.—The Dover paper says, during the recent heavy rain storm, a large mass of stone and gravel was dislocated from one of these mountains and almost destroyed the road through them, commonly called the "Notch." The expense required to remove the stone so as to make the Notch again passable, will be very considerable.

A Newport paper says, it is a fact worthy of recording, that among the aged veterans, who heard the Declaration of Independence read in 1776, and at the late celebration, Mr Green Burroughs, was one of that number, and has heard the same instrument read, in that town, every 4th July, for 50 years!

Fifty years ago.—There are seven men now living in the east parish of Barnstable, who were in actual service in the war of 1776, fifty years ago. They were stationed in the rear of Dorchester heights, and three of them belonged to the same mess.

It is stated the English are cutting down their 74's to make frigates of them of a heavy class. The Barham, Alfred and Dublin, three 74's are hereafter to be called frigates, each carrying 52 long 32 pounders.

Grass Hats.—A Mr. Davies of New-York, offers for sale a new invention of his own, which he calls water proof silk and grass cloth hats, for summer wear. The Evening Post says, they unite the qualities of lightness, cheapness, durability and handsome appearance, in a greater degree than any summer hats we ever saw.

REMOVAL.

JOSEPH HASTINGS,

Printing Ink Manufacturer,

Has removed from No. 67 to No. 75, Washington-street, opposite the Southwest corner of Old State House, up stairs, Entrance, first door in Cornhill-Court.

July 15.

NOTICE.

PELLAGRINO MAGNONI, HairDresser, informs his Friends and Customers, that he has removed from Elm-street to his former stand, in Wilson's Lane.

REMOVAL.

Siste Viator,
Tonsori collum committe,
Ut evadas alter Adonis.
Holmes' Sign.

GEORGE B. HOLMES respectfully informs his customers and the public, that he has removed from Court-street to Howard-Street, next door to Holland's Coffee House, for the convenience of more ample rooms. If clean cloths, a fountain of pure water, and keen set razors, are desiderata, this warm weather, they may be found at his saloon. He has long considered himself a physiognomical Hair Cutter, suiting the contour of the face by his disposition of this important *feature*, the hair. He professes to understand all styles of cutting exhibited on the medallions of every age and nation, but prefers to follow no one with servility, but rather to be guided by taste, science and skill in each individual case.—Come and let him try. July 8.

SUMMER HATS, PARASOLS, &c.

WILLIAM BARRY,

Old State House.

Has just received a fresh supply of American Grass Hats (imitation Leghorns) for Men and Children's wear, part of which are very fine. Men and Children's Leghorns, fine and coarse.

Gentlemen's, Youth's and Children's Drab Beavers. Gentlemen's, Youth's and Children's Black Beavers, from New-York, Boston, and his own Manufactory, newest fashion.

A great variety of Men's and Youth's Plated Hats, of his own Manufacture, warranted Water Proof and durable.

A large assortment of Parasols. Silk and Gingham Umbrellas. Children's Cloth Caps, some very elegant.

Furs.—Beaver, Muskrat, Racoon, Russia Hare, Cony, Rabbit, Red Wool, Camel's Hair, German Carrot.

A general assortment of Hat Trimmings as usual, together with a few pairs superior Hat Irons, which he offers on the lowest terms, for cash. June 10.

CHARLES WHITE,

Corner of Marlboro' and Winter-Sts.

Has received a full assortment of Drugs, Medicines, and Surgeon's Instruments—among the instruments are Syringes for removing poison from the stomach—Amputating, Trepanning, Opthalmia, Dentist, Pocket, Dissecting, and Midwifery Instruments—Cranatomy, Tooth, Dressing and Dissecting Forceps—Seton Needles, Trocars, Bistories, Lancets, Pins for Hair Lips, &c. ☞Strict personal attention paid to Physicians' Prescriptions, and to the delivery of Family Medicines. Medicines delivered at any hour in the night. July 8.

Married,

IN THIS CITY.

Robert Knott, to Miss Izannah Carver.

Capt. Albert Matthews to Mrs. Delia Roberts.

Jacob S. Whitney to Miss Abigail Waters.

In Waltham, Bennett Treat, to Miss Mary Wellington; Charles Hastings, to Miss Martha Wellington. The young ladies are twin sisters; and the young gentlemen, though not brothers, are of the same age.

In Ashburnham, Rev. Asa Rand, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary Coolidge.

In Weymouth, Mr. John F. Payson, of Boston, to Mrs. Deborah Bailey.

In New York, David W. Wilson, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Eliza, daughter of B. Taylor, Esq.

Albert Parker, of Boston, to Miss Julia Sophia Dabney of Charleston, S. C,

Deaths,

Reported at the Health Office during the week ending Thursday noon, July 20.

July

12 Benjamin Ticknor jr. 9 years.
Mary Ann Draper, 9 months.

13 Nathan Leech, 40 years.
Dolly Carleton, 67 years.

14 William Curtlow, 41 years.
Margaret Moncreaf, 29 years.
James Boyer, Jun. 6 months.
Michael Doyle, 37 years.
Elizabeth Cabot, 70 years.
Ezekiel Jones, 38 years.

15 Peter Hudson, 18 years.
Rosanna Wood, 51 years.
Julia Ann Rawlison, 18 years.
Prudence Smith, 35 years.
Artemas West, 32 years.

16 Jasper Tiles, 74 years.
William Jennings, Jr. 5 months.
Eustis Simonds, 6 months.
Sarah Stevens, 8 months.

17 Elisha Faxon, 73 years.
Walter Canady, (Rainsford Island,) 34 years.

18 Hannah Moore, 4 weeks.
Mary Hill, 84 years, (black.)
Benjamin F. Swan, 24 years.

19 John Mace, 23 years.
Christina Bird, 8 months.
Lydia A. Toleman.
James M. Smith, 2 1-3 years.
Thomas May, 63 years.

DIED

At Rainsford Island, in this harbour, on Monday last, Mr. Walter Canady, aged 34, a native of Glasgow, (Scotland,) but for many years a resident at Surinam. He came to the United States for the recovery of his health, though there was no prospect of relief, from the nature of the disease. In his will, he left a sum of ready money to purchase the freedom of a female slave, in Surinam, and the remainder of his property is to go to a sister, Mrs. Joanna Mathie, in Glasgow.

In Warren, Me. on the 7th inst. (whither she had gone for the benefit of her youngest child,) Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. John Tyler, of this city, aged 46

In Salem, Mrs. Eunice Henderson, aged 35.—A coroner's inquest was held upon the body of Mrs. H. the verdict of which was that she died of the cramp in the stomach. When her husband retired to bed she remained below, saying that she did not feel well. He afterwards called to her, when she went into the chamber and sat down in a chair, observing that she should feel better soon, and would go to bed. The husband went to sleep, and did not wake till morning, when he found his wife sitting upon the floor, between two chairs, having been dead apparently but a short time.

At Stamford, (N, Y.) Mrs Martha Harris widow of David Harris, Esq. formerly of this Town, and grand daughter of the Hon Joseph Jenks, formerly Governor of Rhode-Island, aged 110 years, and seven months.

Port of Boston.

July *Entered.*

12 Sh Triton, Dickson, Cronstadt.

13 Br Helen, St. Croix.
Br Attentive, Carthagena.
Sc Boston Packet, St. Vincent's.
Sc William, Cape Haytion.

14 Br George Henry, Halifax.
Br Sea Island, Savannah.

16 Sc Mary & Rebecca, Rogers, Point Petre.

July *Cleared.*

13 Br Nestor, Spurling, St. Andrews.
Br Traveller, Phelps, do.
Br Lady Richmond, Gray, Labrador

15 Br Oregan, Webb, Trieste.
Br Ospray, Caldwell, Sumatra.
Br Harriet, Henchman, St. Thomas

17 Br Wave, Kelly, Marseilles.
Br Sabra, Snow, Labrador.
Sc Fortune, Pickering, St. Andrews.

18 Br Aurora, Nye, St. Jago.
Br Sarah & Louisa, Shaw, Martinique.
Br Mary & Eliza, Dame, Oporto.

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